

THE  
RAPE  
OF  
LUCRECE.

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By  
*Mr. William Shakespeare.*

---

Newly Reuised.

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LONDON:  
Printed by T. S. for Roger Iackson, and are  
to be solde at his shop neere the Conduit  
in Fleet-street. 1616.

22350

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TO THE RIGHT HONOV-  
rable, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,  
Earle of South-hampton, and  
Baron of Tichfield.



HE Loue I dedicate to your  
Lordship is without end: wher-  
of this Pamphlet without be-  
ginning is but a superfluous  
Moity. The warrant I haue of  
your Honourable disposition,  
not the worth of my vntutord lines makes it  
assured of acceptance. What I haue done is  
yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part  
in all I haue, deuoted yours. Were my worth  
greater, my duty should shew greater, means  
time, as it is, it is bound to your Lord-  
ship; To whom I wish long life  
still lengthned with all  
happinesse.

*Your Lordships in all duty,*

*William Shakespeare.*



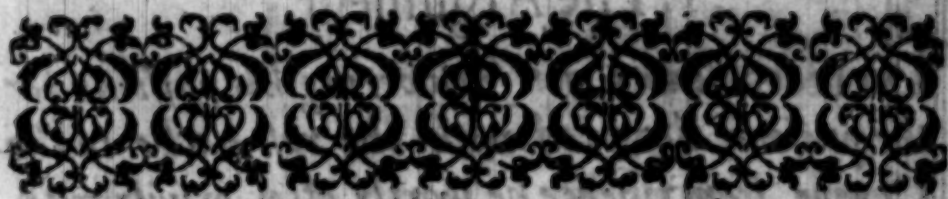
## The Argument.

**L**ucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father in law Seruius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Romane lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other noble men of Rome to besiege Ardea; during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one euening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper, euery one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they al posted to Rome, and intending by their secret and sodaine arrivall, to make triall of that which euery one had before auouched, onely Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, the other Ladies were all found dancing and renelling, or in seuerall disports. Whereupon the Noble men yeelded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enflamed with Lucreces



## The Argument.

Lucreces beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe, from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himselfe, and was ( according to his state ) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night, he trecherously stealeth into her Chamber, violently ravisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastely dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Campe for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius : and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habite, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her reuenge, reuealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withall suddenly stabbed her selfe. Which done with one consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins : and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed : with a bitter inuective against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so mooued with one consent, and a generall acclamation, that the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from Kings to Consuls.



## *The Contents.*

- 1 **L** V C R E C E praises for chaste, vertuous,  
and beautifull, enamoreth *Tarquin*.
- 2 *Tarquin* welcomed by *Lucrece*.
- 3 *Tarquin* ouerthrowes all dilputing with wil-  
fulnelle.
- 4 He puts his resolution in practise.
- 5 *Lucrece* awakes and is amazed to be so sur-  
prised.
- 6 She pleads in defence of Chastity.
- 7 *Tarquin* all impatient interrupteth her, and  
rauisheth her by force.
- 8 *Lucrece* complains on her abuse.
- 9 She disputeth whether she should kill her  
selfe or no.
- 10 She is resolved on her selfe-murther, yet  
sendeth first for her Husband.
- 11 *Colatinus* with his friends returne home.
- 12 *Lucrece* relateth the mischief: they sweare  
reuenge, and she to exasperate the matter  
killeth her selfe.





# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged *Ardea* all in post,  
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed *TARQUIN* leaues the *Romane* host,  
And to *Colatium* beares the lightlesse fire,  
Which in pale *embers* hid, lurkes to aspire  
And girdle with embracing flames the wast,  
Of *Colatines* faire lone, *Lucrece* the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste, vnhaply set  
This batelesse edge on his keene appetite:  
When *Colatine* vnwisely did not let  
To praise the cleare vnmatched red and white,  
Which triumpht in that *skie* of his delight,  
VVhere most all star as bright as heauens beauties,  
VVith pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before in *Tarquins* tent,  
Vnlockt the treasure of his happy state:  
What priselesse wealth the heauens had him lent,  
In the possession of his beautionous mate,  
Reckoning his fortune at so high a rate  
That *Kings* might be espoused to more fame,  
But *King* nor *Prince* to such a peerelesse dame.

O happinesse enioyd but of a few,  
And if posselt as soone decayde and done:  
As if the *morwings* siluer melting dew,  
Against the golden splendor of the *Sunne*,  
A date expir'd: and canceld ere begun.

Honour and beauty in the owners armes,  
Are weakly fortrest from a world of harmes!

I  
The prai-  
sing of  
*Lucrecia* as  
chaste, ver-  
tuous and  
beautifull,  
maketh  
*Tarquin*  
enamored.

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## THE RAPE

*Beauty* it selfe, doth of it selfe perswade  
The eyes of men without an *Orator*,  
What needeth then *Apologies* be made  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is *Colatine* the publisher  
Of that rich *Jewell* he should keepe vnknowne,  
From theeuish eares because it is his owne?

Perchance his boast of *LYCRECE* Son'raignty,  
Suggested this proud issue of a King:  
For by our eares our hearts oft tainted be,  
Perchance that enuy of so rich a thing  
Brauing compare, disdainfully did sting  
His high pitcht thoughts that meaner men should want  
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some vntimely thought did instigate,  
His all too timelesse speede, if none of those,  
His honor, his affaires, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all; with swift intent he goes,  
To quench the coale which in his liuer glowes.  
O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts and n'er growes old.

2  
Tarquin  
welcomed  
by Lucrece.

When at *Colatia* this false Lord arriued,  
Well was he welcom'd by the *Romane* dame,  
Within whose face *beauty* and *vertue* striued,  
Which of them both should vnderprop her fame,  
When *vertue* brag'd, *beauty* would blush for shame,  
When *beauty* boasted blushes, in despite  
Vertue would staine that o're with siluer white.

But *beauty* in that white intituled,  
From *Venus* doves doth challenge that faire field,  
Then *vertue* claimes from *beauty*, beauties red,  
Which vertue gaue the golden age to guild  
Their siluer cheekes, and cald it then their shield,

Teaching



## OF LVERECE.

Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,  
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This *Herauldry* in *LVERECE* face was scene,  
Argued by *beauties* red and *vertues* white,  
Of eithers colour was the other *Queene*:  
Prouing from *worlds* minority their right,  
Yet their *ambition* makes them still to fight:  
The *soe'rainty* of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each others seat.

This silent warre of *Lillies* and of *Roses*,  
Which *Tarquin* viewd in her faire faces field,  
In their pure ranks his *traytor* eye encloses,  
Where least between them both it should be kild,  
The coward *captiue* vanquished doth yeeld  
To those two *armies* that would let him goe.  
Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her *husbands* shallow tongue,  
The *niggard* prodigall that praisde her so,  
In that high taske hath done her *beauty* wrong.  
Which farre exceeds his *barren* skill to show.  
Therefore that *praise* which *Colatine* doth owe,  
Inchanted *Tarquin* answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly *Saint* adored by this *Diuell*,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper:  
"For thoughts vnstain'd do fildome dreame on euil,  
"Birds neuer limb'd, no secret bushes feare:  
So guiltlesse she securely gives good cheare,  
And reuerend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ile no outward harme exprest.

For that he colourd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sinne in pleats of *Maiessty*:  
That nothing in him seemd inordinate,

Sauē

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## THE RAPE

Saue sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which hauing *all*, *all* could not satisfie;  
But *poorely rich* so wanteth in his *store*,  
That cloyd with *much*, he pineth still for *more*.

But she that neuer copte with *stranger eyes*,  
Could pick no meaning from their *parling looks*,  
Nor read the subtil *shining secrecies*  
Writ in the glasse margents of such *bookes*,  
She toucht no vnknowne *baits*, nor fear'd no *hookes*;  
Nor could she moralize his wanton fight,  
More then his *eyes* were open to the *lights*.

He stories to her eares her *husbands fame*,  
Wonne in the fields of fruitfull *Italie*:  
And decks with praises *Colatines* high name,  
Made glorious by his manly *chivalry*,  
With *bruised armes* and wreaths of *victory*;  
Her ioy with heaued-up hand she doth expresse,  
And wordlesse so greets *heauen* for his *success*.

Far from the purpose of his comming thither,  
He makes *excuses* for his being there;  
No cloudy *show* of stormy blustering wether  
Doth yet in his faire *welkin* once appeare,  
Till sable *night* sad source of dread and feare,  
Vpon the *world* dim *darknesse* doth display,  
And in her vaulty *prison* shuts the day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought vnto his *bed*,  
Intending *weariennesse* with heauy *sprits*:  
For after supper long he questioned  
With modest *Lucretia*, and wore out the *night*:  
Now *leaden slumber* with liues strength doth fight,  
And euery one to rest themselves betake,  
Saue *theeues*, and *cares*, and *troubled minds* that wake.

As one of which doth *Tarquin* lie reuoluing

The



## OF LVCRECE.

The sundry dangers of his wills obtaining :  
Yet euer to obtaine his will resoluing.  
Though weake-built hopes perswade him to abstaining;  
Despaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,  
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,  
Though death be adiunct, ther's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gaine so fond,  
That oft they haue not that which they possesse,  
They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,  
And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,  
Or gaining more the profit of excessse  
Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine  
That they proue bankrout in this poore rich-gaine.

The ayme of all, is but to nourse the life  
With honor, wealth, and ease, in wayning age :  
And in this ayme there is such shwarming strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage :  
As life for honor, in fell battails rage,  
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be  
The things we are, for that which we expect :  
And this ambitious foule infirmitie,  
In hauing much torments vs with defect  
Of that we haue : so then we doe neglect  
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Targiu make,  
Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust :  
And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake :  
Then where is truth if there be no selfe-trust ?  
When shall he thinke to finde a stranger iust,  
When he himselfe, himselfe confounds, betraies

To

# THE RAPE

To slanderous tongues and wretched hatefull daies?

Now stole vpon the time the dead of night,  
When heauy sleep had closd vp mortall eye,  
No comfortable starre did lend his light,  
No noise but Owles and *Polues* death boding cries:  
Now serues the season that they may surprize  
The silly *Lambs*, pure thoughts are dead and still:  
While *lust* and *Murder* wakes to *staine* and *kill*.

3  
Tarquin  
disputing  
the matter  
at last re-  
solves to  
satisfie his  
lust.

And now this lustfull *Lord* leapt from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,  
Is madly tost betweene *desire* and *dread*;  
Th'one sweetly flatters, th'other feareth harme,  
But honest *fear*, bewitcht with *lusts* soule charme,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brainicke rude *desire*.

His *Fanchion* on a *flint* he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold *stone* sparkes of *fire* doth flie,  
Whereat a *waxen* torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be *lode-star* to his lustfull *eye*,  
And to the *flame* thus speakes aduisedly;  
As from this cold *flint* I enforce this *fire*,  
So *LVCRECE* must I force to my *desire*.

Here pale with *fear* he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his lothsome enterprise:  
And in his inward *minds* he doth debate,  
What following *sorrow* may on this arise.  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked *armour* of still slaughtered *lust*,  
And iustly thus controlls his *thoughts* vnjust.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:  
And die vnhalloved *thoughts* before you blot  
With your *vnleannesse* that which is *diuine*:



## OF LVCRECE.

Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine;  
Let faire humanity abhor the deed,  
That spots and stains loves modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knightshood, and to shining armes,  
O foule dishonor to my households grane:  
O impious act including all foule harmes,  
A martiall man to be soft fancies slave,  
True valour still a true respect should haue;  
Then my digression is to vile, so base,  
That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yea though I die the scandall will suruiue,  
And be an eie-fore in my golden coate:  
Some loathsome dast the Herald will contriue,  
To ciper me how fondly I did dote:  
That my posterity sham'd with the note  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sinne,  
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I if I gaine the thing I seeke?  
A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting ioy,  
Who buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?  
Or sels eternitie to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
Or what fond beggar but to touch the crowne?  
Would with the scepter straight be stroken downe?

If Cclatinus dreame of my intent,  
Will he not wake; and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to preuent?  
This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying vertue, this suruining shame,  
Whose crime will beare an ever-during blame.

O what excuse can my iouention make  
When thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed:

Will

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## THE RAPE

Will not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioynts shake,  
 Mine eyes forgoe their light, my false heart bleed?  
 The guilt being great, the feare doth still excede,  
 And extreame feare can neither fight nor flee,  
 But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kild my sonne or sire,  
 Or laine in ambush to betray my life,  
 Or were he not my deare friend, thus desire  
 Might haue excuse to worke vpon his wife;  
 As in reuenge or quittance of such strife:  
 But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,  
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is, if once the fact be knowne,  
 Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,  
 Ile beg her loue: but she is not her owne:  
 The worst is but deniall, and reprouing.  
 My will is strong, past reasons weake remouing.  
 VWho feares a sentence or an old mans saue,  
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus (gracelesse) holds he disputation,  
 Twene frozen conscience and hot burning will.  
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
 Vrging the worser sence for vantage still.  
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
 All pure effects, and doth so farre proceed,  
 That what is vile, shewes like a vertuous deed.

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the hand,  
 And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
 Fearing some hard newes from the warlike band  
 VWhere her beloued Colatinus lies.  
 O how her feare did make her colour rise?  
 First red as Roses that on Lawne we lay,  
 Then white as Lawne the Roses tooke away.

And



## OF LVCRECE.

And now her *hand* in my *hand* being lockt,  
Forst it to tremble with her loyall *fear*:  
Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,  
Vntill her *husbands* welfare she did heare,  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a *cheare*  
That had *Narssus* seen her as she stood,  
Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him in the *flood*.

Why hunt I then for *colour* or excuses?  
All *Orators* are dumbe when *beauty* pleads,  
Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses,  
Loue thrives not in the *heart* that shadowes dreads,  
*Affection* is my *Captaine* and he leades:  
And when this gaudy banner is displaide,  
The coward fights and will not be dismaide.

Then childish *fears* auant, *debating* die,  
Respect and *Reason* waite on wrinkled age:  
My *heart* shall neuer countermand mine *eye*,  
Sad *Pause* and deepe *Regard* beseems the sage,  
My *part* is *youth*, and beats these from the stage.  
*Desire* my *pilot* is, *Beauty* my *prize*,  
Then who feares sinking where such *treasure* lies.

As *corne* ore-growne by *weeds*, so heedfull *fear*  
Is almost cloakt by vnresisted *lust*,  
Away he steales with open listning eare,  
Full of foule *hope* and full of fond mistrust:  
Both which as seruitors to the vniust  
So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,  
That now he vowes a league, and now inuasion.

Within his thought her heauenly *image* sits,  
And in the selfe same *seat* sits *Colatine*,  
That *eye* which looks on her confounds his *wits*,  
That *eye* which him beholds, as more diuine  
Vnto a *view* so false will not incline:

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But with a pure *appeale* seeks to the heart,  
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part,

And therein hartens vp his seruile powers,  
VWho flattered by their leaders iocund show,  
Stuffe vp his *lust*, as minutes fill vp *houres*.  
And as their *Captaine* so their *pride* doth grow,  
Paying more *flauish tribute* then they owe.  
By reprobate *desire* thus madly led  
The *Romane Lord* doth march to *Lucrece* bed.

The *lockes* between her *chamber* and his will,  
Each one by him enforst, recites his *ward*,  
But as they open they all rate his *ill*,  
VWhich drives the creeping *theefe* to some regard.  
The *threshold* grates the *dore* to haue him heard:  
Night-wandering *Weezles* shreeke to see him there,  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his *fear*.

As each vnwilling *portall* yeelds him way,  
Through little *vents* and *crannies* of the place,  
The *winde* wars with his *torch* to make him stay,  
And blowes the *smoke* of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his *conduct* in this case.  
But his hot *heart*, which fond *desire* doth scorch,  
Puffes forth another *winde* that fires the *torch*.

And being lighted by the *light* he spies  
*Lucreciaes* *gloue*, wherein her *needle* stickes,  
He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies,  
And griping it, the *needle* his finger prickes:  
As who should say this *gloue* to wanton *trickes*  
Is nor inur'd, retorne againe in hast,  
Thou seest our *Mistresse* ornaments are chaste.

But all these poore *forbiddings* could not stay him,  
He in the worst *sence* construes their *deniall*:  
The *dores*, the *wind*, the *gloue* that did delay him,

He



## OF LVCRECE.

He takes for *accident* all things of triall,  
Or as those *barres* which stop the *hourely diall*,  
Who with a *lingring stay* his *course* doth let,  
Till every *minute* payes the *houre* his *debt*.

So, so, quoth he, these *lets* attend the *time*,  
Like little *frosts* that sometime threat the *spring*,  
To adde a more *reioycing* to the *prime*,  
And giue the *sneaped birds* more cause to sing,  
*Paine* paies the *income* of ech *precious thing*,  
Huge *rocks*, high *winds*, strong *pirates*, *shelms* and *sands*,  
The *marchant* feares, ere rich at *home* he lands.

Now is he come vnto the *chamber dore*,  
That shuts him from the *heauen* of his *thought*,  
Which with a *yeelding latch* and with no more,  
Hath bard him from the *blessed thing* he sought.  
So from himselfe *impiety* hath wrought  
That for his *Prey* to pray he doth begin,  
As if the *heauens* should countenance his *sinne*.

But in the midst of his vnfruitfull prayer,  
Hauing sollicitd th' *eternall power*,  
That his *oule thoughts* might compasse his *fair, faire*,  
And they would stand *auspicious* to the *houre*,  
Euen there he starts, quoth he, I must *deffloure*:  
The *powers* to whom I pray, abhor this fact  
How can they then assist me in the *act*?

Then *loue* and *fortune* be my *Gods*, my *guide*,  
My *will* is backt with *resolution*:  
*Thoughts* are but *dreames* till their *effects* be tried,  
Blacke *sinne* is cleard with *absolution*,  
Against *lowes* fire, *feares* frost hath *dissolution*.  
The *eye* of *heauen* is out, and *misty night*  
Covers the shame that followes *sweet delight*.

This said his *gailty hand* pluckt vp the *latch*,

B

And

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And with his *knee* the *dore* he opens wide,  
The *Doue* sleeps fast that this *night Owle* will catch.  
Thus *treason* works ere *traitors* be espied :  
VVho sees the lurking *serpent* steps aside;  
But she sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortall *sting*.

Into the *chamber* wickedly he stalkes,  
And gazeth on her yet vnstained *bed* :  
The *curtaines* being close, about he walkes,  
Rouling his greedy *eye-balls* in his *head*,  
By their high *treason* is his heart misled.  
Which giues the *watch-word* to his hand too soone,  
To draw the *cloude* that hides the siluer *Moone*.

Looke as the faire and fiery pointed *Sunne*,  
Rushing from forth a *cloud*, bereaues our *sight* :  
Euen so the *curtaine* drawne his *eyes* begun  
To winke, being blinded with a greater *light*.  
Whether it is that she reflects so bright  
That dazeleth them, or else some *shame* supposed,  
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed.

O had they in that darksome *prison* died,  
Then had they seen the *period* of their ill ;  
Then *Colatine* againe by *Lucrece* side,  
In his cleare *bed* might haue reposed still :  
But they must ope this blessed league to kill :  
And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their sight,  
Must sell her *ioy*, her *life*, her *worlds delight*.

Her lilly *hand* her *rosie* cheekes lies vnder,  
Coosening the *pillow* of a lawfull kisse.  
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his blisse,  
Between whose hils her head intombd is.  
Where like a vertuous *moniment* she lies.



## OF LVCRECE.

To be admir'd of lewde vnhalloved eies.

Without the *bed* hir other faire *hand* was,  
On the greene *coverlet*, whose perfect *white*  
Showed like an Aprill *daxie* on the *grasse*,  
With pearly *sweet*, resembling *dew* of *night*.  
Her eyes like *Marigolds* had sheathed their light,  
And canopied in darknesse sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorne the *day*.

Her *haire* like golden *threads* plaid with her *breath*,  
O modest *wantons*, wanton *modesty* !  
Showring *lifes* triumph in the *map* of *death*,  
And *deaths* dim looke in *lifes* mortality.  
Each in her sleepe themselves so beautifie,  
As if between them twaine there were no *strife*,  
But that *life* liu'd in *death*, and *death* in *life*.

Her *breasts* like *iuory* *globes* cirdled with *blew*,  
A paire of *maiden* *worlds* vnconquered :  
Sawe of their *Lord* no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by *oath* they truly honoured.  
These *worlds* in *Tarquin* new ambition bred.  
Who like a foule *vsurper* went about,  
From this faire *throne* to heaue the owner out.

What could he see but mightely he *noted* ?  
What did he *note*, but *strongly* he *desired* ?  
What he *beheld*, on that he firmly *doted*,  
And in his *will* his wilfull eye he tired.  
With more then *admiration* he admired  
Her azure *vaines* her *alabaster* skinne,  
Her *corall* lips her *snow* white dimpled chin.

As the grim *Lion* fauneth ore his *pray*,  
Sharpe hunger by the *conquest* satisfied :  
So ore this sleeping *soule* doth *TARQUIN* stay,  
His rage of *lust* by gazing qualified.

## THE RAPE

Slackt, not suppress, for standing by her side,  
His eye which late this *mutiny* restraines,  
Vnto a greater *vprors* tempts his vaines.

And they like stragling *slaves* for pillage fighting,  
Obdurate *vassals* tell exploits effecting :  
In bloody *death* and *rauisment* delighting,  
Nor *childrens* teares nor *mothers* groanes respecting,  
Swell in their *pride*, the onset still expecting.  
Anon his beating *heart* alarum striking,  
Giues the hot *charge* and bids them doe their liking.

His *drumming* heart cheares vp his *burning* eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand :  
His *hand* as proud of such a *dignity*,  
Smoking with *pride*, marcht on to make his *stand*  
On her bare *breasts*, the *heart* of all her land,  
VWhose *ranckes* of *blew* *vaines* as his hand did scale,  
Left their round *turrets* destitute and pale.

They mustring to the quiet *Cabinet*,  
Where their deare *gouvernesse* and *Lady* lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their *cries*.  
She much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp *eyes*.  
Who peeping forth this *tumult* to behold,  
Are by his flaming *torch* dim'd and controld.

5

<p><i>Lucretia</i> wakes a- mazed and confound- ed to be so surprised</p>	<p>Imagine her as one in dead of <i>night</i>, From forth dull <i>sleepe</i> by dreadfull <i>fancy</i> waking, That thinks she hath beheld some gasty <i>sprite</i>, Whose grim <i>aspect</i> sets every <i>ioynt</i> a shaking, What terrour tis : but she in worser taking, From <i>sleepe</i> disturbd, heedfully doth view, The <i>sight</i> which makes supposed <i>terror</i> rue. Wrapt and confounded in a thousand <i>feares</i>, Like to a new-kild <i>bird</i> she trembling lies :</p>
---	--

She



## OF LVCRECE.

She dares not looke, yet winking there appears  
Quicke shifting *Antiques* vgly in her eyes,  
Such *shadowes* are the weake braines forgeries,  
Who angry that the eyes flie from their lights,  
In darknesse daunts them with more dreadfull fights.

His hand that yet remains vpon her brest,  
(Rude *Ram* to batter such an *Iuory* wall :)  
May feele her heart (poore *Citizen*) distrest,  
Wounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall:  
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.  
This moues in him more rage and lesser pittie,  
To make the breach, and enter this sweet City.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin,  
To sound a parly to his hartlesse foe,  
Who ore the white sheet peeres her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarme to know,  
Which he by dumbe demeanor seekes to show:  
But she with vehement prayers vrgeth still,  
Vnder what colour he commits this ill?

Thus he replies the colour in thy face,  
That euen for anger makes the Lilly pale,  
And the red Rose blush at her owne disgrace,  
Shall plead for me, and tell my louing tale.  
Vnder that colour am I come to scale  
Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forestall thee: if thou meane to chide,  
Thy beauty hath insnar'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide,  
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might.  
But as reproofe and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty it was newly bred.

## THE RAPE 70

I see what *crosses* my attempts will bring,  
 I know what *thornes* the growing *Rose* defends,  
 I thinke the *hony* garded with a *sling*,  
 All this before hand counsell comprehends.  
 But *will* is deafe, and heares no heedfull friends.  
 Onely he hath an *eye* to gaze on *beauty*,  
 And dotes on what he lookes, gainst *law* or *duty*.

I haue debated euen in my *soule*,  
 What *wrong*, what *shame*, what *sorrow* I shall breed.  
 But nothing can affections *course* controule  
 Or stop the headlong fury of his *speed*,  
 I know *repentant* *teares* insue the deed.  
 Reproch, *disdaine*, and deadly *enmity*,  
 Yet strue I to imbrace mine *infamy*.

This said, he shakes aloft his *Romane* blade,  
 Which like a *Faulcon* towring in the *skies*,  
 Coucheth the *fowle* below with his *wings* shade,  
 Whose crooked *beake* threats, if he mount he dies.  
 So vnder his insulting *Fauchion* lies  
 Harmelisse *Lucretia*, marking what he tels,  
 With trembling *fear*, as *fowle* heare *Faulcons* bels.

*Lucrece*, quoth he, this *night* I must enioy thee;  
 If thou deny, then force must work my way:  
 For in thy *bed* I purpose to destroy thee.  
 That done, some worthlesse *slave* of thine ile slay,  
 To kill thine *honor* with thy *liues* decay.  
 And in thy dead *armes* doe I meane to place him,  
 Swearing I slew him seeing thee imbrace him.

So thy suruiuing *husband* shall remaine,  
 The scornefull *marke* of euery open *eye*,  
 Thy kinsmen hang their *heads* at this *disdaine*,  
 Thy *issue* blurd with namelesse *bastardy*:  
 And thou the *Author* of their *obloquy*.

Shall



## OF LVCRECE.

Shall haue thy *trespasse* cited vp in rimes,  
And sung by *children* in succeeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,  
The fault *vnknowne* is as a thought *vnacted*,  
A little *harme* done to a great good end,  
For lawfull *policy* remaines enacted.  
The poisonous *simple* sometime is compacted  
In purest compounds; being so applied,  
His *venome* in effect is purified.

Then for thy *husband* and thy *childrens* sake,  
Tender my *suit*, bequeath not to their *lot*  
The *shame* that from them no *deuice* can take,  
The *blemish* that will neuer be forgot:  
Worse then a *slauish* wive, or *birth-houres* blot:  
For *markes* descried in mens *natiuity*,  
Are *Natures* faults, not their owne infamy.

Here with a *Cockatrice* dead killing eye,  
He rowseth vp himselfe, and makes a pause,  
While she the *picture* of pure piety,  
Like a white *Hinde* beneath the *gripes* sharpe *clawes*,  
Pleads in a *wildernesse* where are no *lawes*.  
To the rough *beast*, that knowes no gentle *right*,  
Nor ought obeyes but his foule *appetite*.

But when a *blacke-fac'd* cloud the world doth threat,  
In his dim *mist* the aspiring *mountaine* hiding,  
From *earths* darke *wombe* some gentle *gust* doth get,  
Which blow these pitchy *vapours* from their bidding.  
Hindring their present *fall* by this diuiding.  
So his *vnhallowed* *haste* her words delaiies,  
And moody *Pluto* winks while *Orpheus* plaies.

Yet foule night waking *Cat* he doth but dally,  
VWhile in his hold-fast foot the weake *mouse* panteth.  
Her *sad* *behaviour* feeds his vulture *folly*.

## THE RAPE

A swallowing gulfe that euen in plenty wanteth.  
His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining,  
Teares harden lust, though marble weares with rayning.

Her pittie-pleading eyes are sadly fixed  
In the remorselesse wrinkles of his face :  
Her modest eloquence with sighes is mixed,  
Which to her Oratory ads more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place,  
And midst the sentence so her accent breakes,  
That twice she doth begin ere once she speakes.

6  
Lucrece  
pleadeth  
in defence  
of chastity  
and ex-  
probateth  
his vnciuill  
lust,

She coniures him by high Almighty Ioue,  
By Knighthood, Gentry, and sweet friendships oath,  
By her vntimely teares, her husbands loue,  
By holy humane law, and common troth,  
By heauen and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrowed bed he make retire,  
And stoope to Honor, not to foule desire.

Quoth she, reward not Hospitality  
With such blacke payment as thou hast pretended,  
Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee,  
Marre not the thing that cannot be amended :  
End thy ill ayme, before thy shoot be ended.  
He is no Wood-man that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poore vnseasonable Doe.

My Husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,  
Thy selfe art mighty, for thine owne sake leaue me :  
My selfe a weakeling, doe not then insnare me.  
Thou look'st not like deceipt, do not deceiue me.  
My sighes like whirlewinds labour hence to heaue thee :  
If euer man were mou'd with womans mones,  
Be moued with my teares, my sighes, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,

Beat



## OF LVCRECE.

Beat at thy rocky, and wrack-threatning heart,  
To soften it with their continuall motion:  
For stones dissolu'd, to water doe conuert.  
O if no harder then a stone thou art,  
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,  
Soft pitty enters at an yron gate.

In T A R Q V I N S likenesse I did entertaine thee,  
Hast thou put on his shape to doe him shame?  
To all the hoste of heauen I complaine me.  
Thou wrongst his Honor, woundst his princely name,  
Thou art not what thou seemst, and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King,  
For Kings like Gods should gouerne every thing.

How will thy shame be feeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?  
If in thy hope thou darst do such outrage.  
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a King?  
O be remembred, no outrageous thing  
From vassall actors can be wipt away  
Then Kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed shall make thee only lou'd for feare,  
But happy Monarchs still are feard for loue:  
With foule offenders thou perforce must beare,  
When they in thee the like offences proue:  
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.  
For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,  
VWhere subiects eies doe learne, doe read, doe looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
V Vilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sinne, warrant for blame?  
To priuiledge dishonor in thy name.  
Thou back'st reproch against long liuing laud,  
And makst faire Reputation but a baud.

Hast

Shakespeare

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## THE RAPE

Hast thou command? by him that gaue it thee  
 From a pure *heart* command thy rebell will :  
 Draw not thy *sword* to gard *iniquity*,  
 For it was lent thee all that *brood* to kill,  
 Thy princely *office* how canst thou fulfill  
 When patternd by thy *fault*, foule *sinne* may say,  
 He leard to *sinne*, and thou didst teach the way?

Thinke but how vile a *speclacle* it were,  
 To view thy present *trespasse* in another :  
 Mens *faults* doe sildome to themselues appeare,  
 Their owne transgressions partially they smother :  
 This *guilt* would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
 O how are they wrapt in with *infamies*,  
 That from their owne *misdeeds* askaunce their *eies*.

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp *hands* appeale,  
 Not to seducing *lust* thy rash reply :  
 I sue for exild *maiesties* repeale,  
 Let him returne and flattering *thoughts* retire.  
 His true *respect* will prison false *desire*,  
 And wipe the dim *mist* from thy doting *eies*,  
 That thou shalt see thy *state* and pitty *mine*.

7  
 Tarquin  
 all impati-  
 ent inter-  
 rupts her  
 and denied  
 of consent  
 breaketh  
 the enclo-  
 sure of her  
 chastity by  
 force.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled *tide*  
 Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let,  
 Small *lights* are soone blowne out, huge *fires* abide,  
 And with the *winde* in greater fury fret :  
 The pretty *streames* that pay a daily *debt*  
 To their salt *soueraigne* with their fresh fals *haft*,  
 Adde to this *flowe* but alter not his *taste*.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a *soueraigne King*,  
 And loe, there fals into thy boundlesse *flood*,  
 Blacke *lust*, *dishonor*, *shame*, *misgouerning*.  
 Who seek to staine the Ocean of thy *blind*.  
 If all these *perry* ils shall change thy good,

Thy



## OF LVCRECE.

Thy *sea* within a *puddle* wombe is berfed,  
And not the *puddle* in thy *sea* disperfed.

So shall these *flaves* be *King*, and thou their *flave* :

Thou *nobly* *base*, they *basely* dignified :

Thou their *faire* *life*, and they thy *fouler* *graine* :

Thou lothed in their *shame*, they in thy *pride*,

The *lesser* thing should not the *greater* hide.

The *Cedar* stoops not to the *base* *shrubs* foot,

But low *shrubs* wither at the *Cedars* root.

So let thy *thoughts* low *vassals* to thy *state*,

No more, quoth he, by *heaven* I will not heare thee;

Yceld to my *love*, if not, enforced *hate*,

In stead of *loves* coy *touch* shall rudely teare thee :

That done, despightfully I meane to beare thee

Vnto the *base* bed of some *rascall* *groom*,

To be thy *partner* in this *shamefull* *doome*.

This said, he sets his foot vpon the *light*,

For *light* and *lust* are deadly *enemies* :

*Shame* folded vp in *blind* concealing *night*,

When most vnseen, then most doth tyrannize.

The *Wolfe* hath seized his *Prey*, the poore *Lambe* cries

Till with her owne white *fleece* her *voice* controld,

Intombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the mighty *linnen* that she weares,

He pens her piteous clamors in her *head*,

Cooling his hot *face* in the chastest *teares*,

That euer modest *eies* with sorrow shed.

O that fowle *lust* should staine so pure a *bed* :

The *spots* whereof could weeping purifie,

Her *teares* should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing then *life*,

And he hath won what he would loose againe:

This forced league doth force a further strife,

This

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## THE RAPE

This momentary *ioy* breeds months of *paine*,  
This *hot desire* conuerts to cold *disdaine*;  
Pure *Chastity* is rifled of her store,  
And *lust*, the theefe, far poorer then before.

Looke as the full-fed *Hound* or gorged *Hawke*,  
Vnapt for tender *smell* or speedy *flight*,  
Make slow pursuit, or altogether banke  
The *prey* wherein by nature they delight:  
So surfet-taking *TARQVIN* fares this night.  
His taste delicious, in digestion *sowring*,  
Deuoures his *will*, that liu'd by foule deuouring.

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse *conceits*  
Can comprehend in still imagination!  
Drunken *Desire* must vomit his *receipt*,  
Ere he can see his owne abomination.  
While *lust* is in his pride no exclamation  
Can curbe his heat, of reine his rash desire,  
Till like a Iade, selfe-will himselte doth tire.

And then with lanke and leane discolour'd cheekes,  
With heauy eye, knit brow, and strengthlesse pace,  
Feeble *desire* all recreant, poore and meeke,  
Like to a bankerout begger wailes his case:  
The flesh being proud, *Desire* doth fight with grace:  
For there it reuels, and when that decaies,  
The guilty *rebel* for remission praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,  
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;  
For, now against himselte he sounds this doome,  
That through the length of *times* he stands disgraced:  
Besides, his soules faire temple is defaced:  
To whose weake *ruines* muster troopes of *cares*,  
To aske the spotted *Princesse* how she fares.

She saies her *subjects* with foule insurrection,

Have



## OF LVCRECE.

Have battred downe her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortall fault brought in subiection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death and paine perpetuall.  
VVhich in her prescience she controled still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Euen in this thought through the darke night he stealeth  
A captive victor that hath lost in gaine :  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will despight of Cure remaine;  
Leauing his spoile perplex in greater paine.  
She beares the load of lust he left behinde,  
And he the burthen of a guilty minde.

He like a theeuish dog creeps sadly thence,  
She like a wearied Lambe lies panting there :  
He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,  
She desperate, with her nailes, her flesh doth teare,  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty feare ;  
She staies exclaiming on the direfull night;  
He runs and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy conuertite,  
Shethere remains a hopelesse cast-away :  
He in his speed lookes for the morning light :  
She prayes she neuer may behold the day,  
For day, quoth she, night scapes doth open lay :  
And my true eies haue neuer practizd how,  
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They thinke not but that euery eye can see,  
The same disgrace which they themselues behold :  
And therefore would they still in darknesse lie,  
To haue their vnseene sinne remaine vtold :  
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,  
And graue, like water that doth eate in steele,  
Vpon my cheeks what helpelesse shame I feele.

Here

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## THE RAPE

8  
*Lucrece*  
 thus abu-  
 sed com-  
 plains on  
 her misery.

Here she exclaims against *repase* and rest,  
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind:  
 She wakes her *heart* by beating on her *breast*,  
 And bids it leape from thence, where it may finde  
 Some purer *chest*, to close so pure a minde.  
 Franticke with grieve thus breaths she forth her spight,  
 Against the vnseene secrecy of *night*.

O comfort-killing *night*, image of *Hell*,  
 Dim register, and notary of *shame*,  
 Blacke *stage* for tragedies and murders fell,  
 Vast sinne concealing *Chaos*, nurse of blame,  
 Blind muffled *bawde*, darke harbor for *defame*,  
 Grim caue of death, whispring conspirator  
 With close tongu'd *treason*, and the rauisher.

O hatefull, vaporous and foggy *night*,  
 Since thou art guilty of my curelesse crime:  
 Muster thy *mysts* to meet the Easterne *light*,  
 Make war against proportion'd course of *time*:  
 Or if thou wilt permit the *Sunne* to clime  
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to *bed*,  
 Knit poysonous clouds about his golden head.

VVith rotten *damps* rauish the morning ayre,  
 Let their exhal'd vnwholesome breaths make sicke  
 The life of *purity*, the *supreme faire*,  
 Ere he arise his weary noon-tide pricke.  
 And let thy mysty vapors march so thicke,  
 That in their smoaky *ranks* his smothered *light*  
 May set at *noone* and make perpetuall *night*.

VVere *Tarquin* night as he is but *nights* child,  
 The siluer shining *Queen* he would disdain,  
 Her twinckling handmaids to (by him defild)  
 Through *nights* blacke bosome should not peep againe.  
 So should I haue copartners in my paine.

And



## OF LVCRECE.

And fellowship in woe doth woe asswage,  
As Palmers that makers short their Pilgrimage.

VWhere now I haue no one to blush with me,  
To crosse their *armes* and hang their *heads* with mine,  
To maske their browes and hide their *infamy*,  
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with *showres* of siluer brine,  
Mingling my talke with *teares*, my *griefe* with *groanes*  
Poore wasting *monuments* of lasting *mones*.

O night thou *furnace* of foule reeking smoke,  
Let not the iealous day behold that face  
VWhich vnderneath thy blacke all-hiding *cloke*  
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.  
Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,  
May likewise be sepulchred in thy *shade*.

Make me not *object* to the tel-tale day,  
The light shall shew charactred in my brow,  
The *story* of sweet *chastities* decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlockes vow.  
Yea, the illeterate that know not how  
To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,  
Will quote my lothsome trespasse in my lookes.

The *nurse* to still her *child* will tell my *story*,  
And fright her crying *babe* with *Tarquins* name :  
The *Orator* to decke his oratory,  
VWill couple my reproch to *Tarquins* shame,  
Feast finding *minstrels* tuning my defame  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How *Tarquin* wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that sencelesse reputation,  
For COLATINES deare *loue* be kept vnspotted :  
If that be made a *theame* for *disputation*,

The

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## THE RAPE

The *branches* of another *root* are rotted,  
 And vnderfu'd reproch to him allotted,  
 That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,  
 As I ere this, was pure to COLATINE.

O vnseene *shame*, inuisible disgrace!  
 O vnfelt *sore*, crest-wounding priuate *scarre*:  
 Reproch is stamp't in COLLATINVS face,  
 And Tarquins eye may read the *mot* a far,  
 How he in *peace* is wounded, not in *warre*.  
 Alas how many beare such shamefull *blowes*,  
 Which not themselues but he that giues them knowes?

If Colatine thine honor lay in me,  
 From me by strong *assault* it is bereft:  
 My *hony* lost, and I a *Drone*.like bee,  
 Haue no perfection of my sommer left,  
 But robd and ransackt by iniurious *theft*.  
 In thy weake *hive* a wandring *waspe* hath crept,  
 And suckt the *hony* which thy chaste *Bee* kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy *honors* wracke;  
 Yet for thy *honor* did I entertaine him;  
 Comming from thee I could not put him backe:  
 For it had been dishonor to disdaine him,  
 Besides of *wearinesse* he did complaine him,  
 And talke of *vertue* (O vnlookt for euill)  
 VVhen vertue is prophan'd in such a *Diuell*.

VVhy should the *worme* intrude the maiden bud?  
 Or hatefull *Cuckowes* hatch in *Sparrowes* nests?  
 Or *Todes* infect faire founts with venom mud?  
 Or tyrant *Folly* lurke in gentle breasts?  
 Or *Kings* be breakers of their owne *behests*?  
 But no *perfection* is so absolute,  
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that *coffers* vp his gold,

Is



## OF LVCRECE.

Is plagu'd with *cramps*, and *gouts*, and *painfull fits*,  
And scarce hath *eyes* his *treasure* to behold,  
But like still pining *Tantalus* he sits,  
And vfelesse bannes the haruest of his wits;  
Hauing no other pleasure of his *gaine*,  
But *torment* that it cannot cure his *paine*.

So then, he hath it when he cannot vse it:  
And leaues it to be *maſtred* by his *yong*,  
VWho in their *pride* doe presently abuse it:  
Their *ſather* was too *weake*, and they too *ſtrong*:  
To hold their *curſed*-*bleſſed* fortune long.  
The *sweets* we wiſh for turne to loathed *sowers*,  
Euen in the *moment* that we call them *ours*.

Vnruly *blaſts* wait on the tender *ſpring*,  
Vnholſome *weeds* take root with precious *flowers*:  
The *Adder* biſſeth where the ſweet *birds* ſing:  
What *vertue* breeds, *iniquity* deuours:  
VVe haue no good that we can ſay is ours:  
But ill-annexed *Opportunity*,  
Or kils his *life*, or els his *quality*.

O *Opportunity* thy guilt is great;  
Tis thou that execut'ſt the *traitors* treason:  
Thou ſets the *Wolfe* where he the *Lambe* may get:  
Who euer plots the *finne* thou points the *ſeaſon*.  
Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at *right*, at *law*, at *reaſon*.  
And in thy ſhady *Cell* where none may ſpie her,  
Sits *Sinne* to ſeaze the *ſoules* that wander by her.

Thou mak'ſt the *Veſtall* violate her oath:  
Thou bloweſt the *fire* when *Temperance* is thawd;  
Thou ſmother'ſt *honeſty*, thou murder'ſt *troth*:  
Thou ſowle *abbettor*, thou notorions *band*:  
Thou planteſt *ſcandall*, and diſplaceſt *laud*.  
Thou *rauiſher*, thou *traitor*, thou *false theefe*,  
Thy *hony* turnes to *gall*, thy *ioy* to *griefe*.

C

Thy

Shakespeare

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## THE RAPE

Thy secret pleasure turnes to open shame ;  
Thy private feasting to a publicke fast :  
Thy smothering titles to a ragged name :  
Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormwood taste :  
Thy violent vanities can neuer last.  
How comes it then, vile opportunity  
Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

VWhen wilt thou be the humble suppliants friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtained ?  
VWhen wilt thou sort an houre great strifes to end ?  
Or free that soule which wretchednesse hath chained ?  
Giue physicke to the sicke, ease to the pained ?  
The poore, lame, blinde, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;  
But they nere met with opportunity.

The Patient dies while the Physitian sleeps ;  
The Orphan pines while the Oppressor feeds :  
Iustice is feasting while the widow weeps :  
A duise is sporting while infection breeds,  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.  
Wrath, enuy, treason, rape, and murder rages,  
Thy hainous houres wait on them as their pages.

VWhen Truth and Vertue haue to doe with thee  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;  
They buy thy helpe, but Sinne nere giues a fee,  
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaid  
As well to heare, as grant what he hath said.  
My Colatine would else haue come to me :  
VWhen Tarquin did, but he was staid by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,  
Guilty of periury and subornation,  
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift,  
Guilty of incest that abomination,  
An accessory by thine inclination



## OF LVCRECE.

To all *sinnes past*, and all that are to come,  
From the *creation* to the generall *doome*.

Mishapen *time*, copesmate of vgly *night*,  
Swift subtile *post*, carrier of grisly *care*,  
Eater of *youth*, false *slave* to false *delight*,  
Base *watch* of *woes*, *sins* packe-horse, *vertues* *snare*;  
Thou nurdest all, and murderest all that are:  
O heare me then, iniurious shifting *time*,  
Be guilty of my *death*, since of my *crime*.

VVhy hath thy seruant *Opportunity*  
Betrai'd the *houres* thou gau'st me to repose?  
Cancel'd my *fortunes* and inchained me  
To endlesse date of neuer-ending *woes*?  
Times office is to fine the hate of *foes*,  
To eate vp error by *opinion* bred,  
Not spend the *dowry* of a lawfull bed.

Times glory is to calme contending *Kings*,  
To vnmaske *falsehood*, and bring truth to light,  
To stampe the scale of *time* in aged things,  
To wake the *marne* and *centinell* the night,  
To wrong the *wronger* till he render right,  
To ruinate *proud* buildings with thy *houres*:  
And smeare with *dust* their glittering golden *towres*.

To fill with *worme-holes* stately *monuments*,  
To feede *obliuion* with decay of things,  
To blot old *bookes*, and alter their contents,  
To plucke the *quils* from ancient *Rauens* wings.  
To dry the old *oakes* sap, and cherish *springs*.  
To spoile *antiquities* of hammered *steele*,  
And turne the giddy round of *Fortunes* wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her *daughter*,  
To make the *child* a man, the man a *childe*,  
To slay the *Tygre* that doth liue by slaughter.

## THE RAPE

To tame the *Vnicorne* and *Lyon* wild,  
To mocke the *subtile* in themselves beguild.  
To cheare the *Plowman* with increasefull crops,  
And waste huge *stones* with little *water* drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy *pilgrimage*,  
Vnlesse thou couldst returne to make amends?  
One poore retyring *minute* in an age,  
VVould purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him *wit* that to bad dettors lends,  
O this dread *night*, wouldst thou one houre come back  
I could prevent this *storme* and shun this wreake.

Thou ceaselesse lackie to *Eternity*,  
VVith some mischance crosse *Tarquin* in his flight  
Deuise *extreames* beyond extremity,  
To make him curse this cursed crimefull *night*:  
Let gasty *shadowes* his lewd *eies* affright,  
And the dire *thought* of his committed euill.  
Shape euery *bush* a hideous shapelesse *Diuell*.

Disturbe his *howres* of rest with restless *trances*  
Afflict him in his *bed* with bedred *grones*:  
Let there bechance him pittifull *mischances*,  
To make him mone, but pittie not his *mones*:  
Stone him with hardned harts *harder* then stone,  
And let mild *women* to him loose their *mildnesse*,  
VVilder to him then *Tygers* in their *wildnesse*.

Let him haue *time* to teare his curled haire,  
Let him haue *time* against himselfe to raue,  
Let him haue *time* of times helpe to despaire,  
Let him haue *time* to liue a loathed *slawe*,  
Let him haue *time* a beggars *orts* to craue:  
And *time* to see one that by *almes* doth liue,  
Disdaine to him disdained *scraps* to giue.

Let him haue *time* to see his *friends* his *foes*,

And



## THE RAPE.

And merry *fooles* to mocke at him resort :  
Let him haue time to marke how slow *time* goes  
In time of *sorrow*, and how swift and short  
His time of *folly*, and his time of *sport*.

And euer let his vnrecalling *time*,  
Haue time to waile th'abusing of his time.

O time thou *tutor* both to good and *bad*,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taughts this *ill*,  
At his owne *shadow* let the *theefe* runne mad,  
Himselfe, himselfe seeke euery houre to kill,  
Such wretched *hands* such wretched *bloud* should spill.

For who so base would such an *office* haue  
As slanderous *deaths-man* to so base a *flaue* ?

The baser is he, comming from a *King*,  
To shame his *hope* with *deeds* degenerate,  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him *honour'd*, or begets him *hate*:  
For greatest *scandall* waites on greatest *state*.

The *Moone* being clouded presently is mist,  
But little *Starres* may hide them when they list.

The *Crow* may bathe his cole-blacke *wings* in mire,  
And vnperceiu'd flye with the filth away,  
But if the like the snow-white *Swan* desire,  
The staine vpon his siluer *Downe* will stay.  
Poore *groomes* are sightlesse *night*, *Kings* glorious *day*,  
*Gnats* are vnnoted wheresoere they flye,  
But *Eagles* gaz'd vpon with euery eye.

Our idle *words*, seruants to shallow *fooles*,  
Vnprofitable *sounds*, weake *arbitrators*,  
Busie your selues in kil-contending *schooles*,  
Debate where leasure serues with dul debators :  
To trembling *Clyents* be you mediators,  
For me, I force not argument a *straw*,  
Since that my *case* is past the help of *law*.

## THE RAPE

In vaine I raile at *Opportunity*,  
At *Time*, at *Tarquin*, and vnsearchfull *night* :  
In vaine I caull with mine *infamy*,  
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd *despight* :  
This helplesse *smoke* of words doth me no right ;  
The remedy indeed to do me good  
Is to let forth my foule defiled *blood*.

Poore *band*, why quiuerest thou at this *decree* ?  
Honor thy selfe to rid me of this *shame*,  
For if I die, my *Honor* liues in thee,  
But if I liue, thou liu'st in my *desame* ;  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall *Dame* :  
And wast affeard to scratch her wicked *Foe*,  
Kill both thy selfe and her for yeelding so.

This said from her betumbled *couch* she starts,  
To finde some desperate instrument of death,  
But this no *slaughterhouse* no toole imparts,  
To make more vent for passage of her *breath*,  
Which thrunging through her *lips* so vaniseth  
As smoake from *Aetna*, that in *aire* consumes,  
Or that which from discharged *Canon* fumes.

In vaine (quoth she) I liue, and seeke in vaine  
Some happy *meane* to end a haplesse life :  
I fear'd by *Tarquins Fauchion* to be slaine,  
Yet for the selfe-same purpose seeke a *knife* :  
But when I feard, I was a loyall wife;  
So am I now: O no that cannot be,  
Of that true *type* hath *Tarquin* rifled me:

O that is gone for which I sought to liue,  
And therefore now I need not feare to die,  
To cleare this *spot* by *death* (at least) I giue  
A badge of Fame to *slaunders liuery*,  
A dying life to liuing *infamy*.

Poore



## OF LVCRECE.

Poore helpelesse *helps* the *treasure* stolne away,  
To burne the guilelesse *casket* where it lay.

Well well deare *Colatine* thou shalt not know  
The stained tast of violated troth :  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
To flatter thee with an infringed *oath* :  
This bastard *grasse* shall neuer come to growth,  
He shall not boast who did thy *stocke* pollute,  
That thou art doting *father* of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret *thought*,  
Nor laugh with his *companions* at thy *state*,  
But thou shalt know thy *interest* was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stolne from forth thy *gate*,  
For me I am the *mistresse* of my *fate*  
And with my *trespasse* neuer will dispence,  
Till *life* to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poison thee with my *attaint*,  
Nor fold my *fault* in cleanly coyn'd excuses,  
My *sable* ground of *sinne* I will not paint,  
To hide the *truth* of this false nights abules :  
My tongue shall viter all, mine eyes like *flukes*  
As from a *mountaine* spring that feeds a *dale*,  
Shall gush pure *streames* to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting *Philomele* had ended,  
The well-tun'd *warble* of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemne *night* with slow sad gate descended  
To ougly Hell, when loe the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all faire eyes that light would borrow.  
But clowdy *Lucrece* shames her selfe to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloistred be.

Reuealing *day* through euery *cranny* spies,  
And seems to *point* her out where she sits weeping,  
To whom she sobbing speakes, O eye of eyes,

Why

9  
*Lucrece*  
continuing  
her la-  
ments, dis-  
puteth  
whether  
she should  
kill her  
selfe or no.

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## OF LVCRECE.

Why pry'st thou through my *window*? leaue thy peeping,  
Mock with thy tickling *beemes*, eyes that are sleeping:  
Brand not my *forehead* with thy piercing *light*,  
For *day* hath nought to do whats done by *night*.

Thus cauls she with euery thing she sees,  
True *griefe* is fond and testie as a *childe*,  
Who way-ward once, his *mood* with nought agrees,  
*Old woes*, not *infant sorrowes* beare them *milde*;  
*Continuance* tames the one, the other *wilde*  
Like an vnpractiz'd *swimmer* plunging stil,  
With too much labour drowns for want of *skill*;

So she deepe drenched in a *Sea of care*,  
Holds disputation with each thing she viewes,  
And to her selfe all *sorrow* doth compare,  
No *object* but her *passions* strength renews,  
And as one shifts another straight inewes,  
Sometimes her *griefe* is dumbe and hath no *words*,  
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

The little *birds* that tune their *mornings* ioy,  
Make her *mones* mad with their *sweet melodie*,  
For *mirth* doth search the bottome of *amoy*,  
Sad *soules* are slaine in merry company,  
*Griefe* best is pleased with *griefes* societic?  
True *sorrow* then is feelingly suffiz'd  
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

Tis double death to drowne in ken of *shore*,  
He ten times pines, that pines beholding *food*,  
To see the *salve* doth make the *wound* ake more,  
Great *griefe* grieues most at that would do it good,  
Deepe *woes* roule forward like a gentle *floud*,  
Who being stop't, the bounding *banks* oreflowes,  
Griefe dallied with, nor *law*, nor *limit* knowes.

You mocking *Birds* ( quoth she ) your *tunes* intombe  
With



## OF LVCRECE.

Within your hollow swelling feathred breasts,  
And in my hearing be you ever dumbe,  
My restless discord loues no stops nor rests;  
A wofull hostesse brooks not merry guests,  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing eares,  
Distresse likes dumps when time is kept with teares.

Come Philomele that singst of rauishment,  
Make thy sad groue in my disheuled heare,  
As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad straine, will straine a teare,  
And with deepe groanes the Diapason beare:  
For burthen-wise Ile hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descants better skill.

And whiles against a thorne thou bearest thy part,  
To keepe thy sharpe woes waking wretched I  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,  
Who if it winke, shall thereon fall and die.  
These meanes as frets vpon an instrument,  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment,

And for poore bird thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold:  
Some darke deepe desert seated from the way,  
That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold  
Will we finde out: and there we will vtold  
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds  
Since men proue beasts, let beasts beare gentle minds.

As the poore frighted Deere that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly,  
Or one incompast with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily:  
So with her felse is she in mutinie,  
To liue or die which of the twaine were better.

When

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## THE RAPE

When life is sham'd and death reproches better.

To kill my selfe quoth she, alacke what were it,  
But with my *body* my poore soules pollution?  
They that loose *halfe* with greater patience beare it,  
Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.  
That *mother* tries a mercilesse conclusion  
Who hauing two sweet *babes* when death takes one,  
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My *body* or my soule which was the dearer?  
When the one *pure*, the other made diuine,  
Whose loue of either, to my selfe was nearer?  
When both were kept for *Heauen* and *Colatine*  
Ay me, the *barke* pild from the lofty *Pine*  
His *leaves* will wither and his *sap* decay,  
So must my *soule*, her *barke* being pild away.

Her *house* is sackt, her *quiet* interrupted,  
Her *mansion* battered by the enemy,  
Her sacred *Temple* spotted, spoild, corrupted,  
Grossly ingirt with daring infamy,  
Then let it not be cald *impiety*  
If in this blemisht fort I make some *hole*,  
Through which I may conuey this troubled *soule*.

Yet die I will not till my *Colatine*  
Haue heard the cause of my vntimely death,  
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,  
Reuenge on *him* that made me stop my breath,  
My stained bloud to *Tarquin* ile bequeath,  
VWhich by him tainted, shall for him be spent,  
And as his due writ in my *Testament*.

My *honor* ile bequeath vnto the *knife*,  
That wounds my *body* so dishonored:  
Tis *Honor* to deprive dishonored life  
The one will liue, the other being dead.



## OF LVCRECE.

So of shames *ashes* shall my *Fame* be bred:  
For in my death I murder shamefull *scorne*,  
My *shame* so dead, my *honor* is new borne.

Deare Lord of that deare *Jewell* I haue lost,  
What *legacy* shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution, *love*, shall be thy bost,  
By whose example thou reueng'd maist be.  
How *Tarquin* must be vs'd, read it in me.  
My selfe thy *friend* will kill my selfe thy *foe*,  
And for my sake serue thou false *Tarquin* so.

This briefe *abridgement* of my will I make,  
My *soule* and *body* to the *skies* and *ground*,  
My resolution (*Husband*) doe you take,  
Mine *honor* be the *knifes* that make my *wound*,  
My *shame* be his that did my *fame* confound.  
And all my *fame* that liues disburied be,  
To those that liue and thinke no shame of me.

Then *Colatine* shall ouersee this will,  
How was I ouerseene that thou shalt see it?  
My *bloud* shall wash the slander of mine ill;  
My *lifes* foule deed my *lifes* faire end shall free it.  
Faint not faint *heart*, but stoutly say, so be it.  
Yeeld to my *hand*, my *hand* shall conquer thee,  
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
And wipt the brinish *pearle* from her bright eyes,  
With vntun'd tongue she hoarsely calld her *maid*,  
Whose swift obedience to her *mistresse* hies,  
For fleet-wing'd *duty* with *thoughts* feathers flies  
Poore *Lucrece* cheekes vnto her *maid* seeme so,  
As winter *meads* when *Summe* doth melt their *snow*.

Her *mistresse* she doth giue demure good *morrow*,  
With soft flow tongue, true *markes* of modesty,

And

10  
*Lucrece*  
resolved to  
kil her selfe  
determines  
first to send  
her Hus-  
band word.

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## THE RAPE

And sorts a sad looke to her *Ladies* sorrow,  
(For why her face wore *sorrowes* livery.)  
But durst not aske of her audacionly  
Why her two *suns* were *cloud*-eclipsed so,  
Nor why her faire *cheeks* ouer washt with *wee*.

But as the *earth* doth weepe the *Sun* being set,  
Each *flower* moystned like a melting eye:  
Euen so the *maid* with swelling drops gan wet  
Her circled *eyne* enforc'd, by sympathie  
Of those faire *Suns* set in her mistresse skie,  
Who in a salt-wau'd *Ocean* quench their *light*.  
Which makes the *maid* weepe like the dewy *night*.

A prettie while these pretty creatures stand,  
Like *iuory* conduits corall *cessernes* filling:  
One iustly weepes, the other takes in hand  
No cause, but company of her drops spilling.  
Their gentle *sex* to weepe are often willing,  
Griewing themselves to gesse at other smarts,  
And then they drowne their *eies*, or breake their *harts*.

For *men* haue marble, *women* waxen *minds*,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,  
The weake opprest, th' impression of strange *kinds*,  
Is form'd in them by *force*, by *fraud* or *skill*.  
Then call them not the *Authors* of their ill,  
No more then *waxe* shall be accounted euill,  
Wherein is stamp't the semblance of a *diuell*.

Their smothnesse like a *champaine* plaine,  
Layes open all the little *wormes* that creepe,  
In *men* as in a rough growne growe remaine  
*Cane*-keeping *euils* that obscurely sleepe.  
Through chrystall *walles* ech little *mose* will peepe,  
Though *men* can cover *crimes* with bold stern looks  
Poore *womans* faces are their owne faults bookes.



## OF LVCRECE.

No *man* inueighs against the withered *flowre*,  
But chide rough *winter* that the *flowre* hath kild,  
Not that *deuourd*, but that which doth *deuoure*  
Is worthy blame, & let it not be held  
Poore *womens* faults, that they are so fulfild  
With mens *abuses*, those proud *Lords* to blame,  
Make weake-made *women* tenants to their *shame*.

The *president* whereof in *Lucrece* view,  
Assail'd by *night* with *circumstances* strong  
Of present *death* and *shame* that might insue,  
By that her death to do her *husband* wrong:  
Such danger to *resistance* did belong.  
The dying *feare* through all her *body* spread,  
And who cannot abuse a *body* dead?

By this milde patience bid faire *Lucrece* speake  
To the poore *counterfeit* of her complayning:  
My *girie*, quoth she on what occasion breake  
Those *teares* from thee, that downe thy *cheeks* are raining  
If thou dost weepe for *griefe* of my sustaining,  
Know gentle *wench*, it small auails my moode,  
If *teares* could helpe, mine owne would do me good.

But tell me *girie*, when went (and there she staid,  
Til after a deepe *grone*) *Tarquin* from hence?  
Madam ere I was vp (repli'd the *maid*),  
The more to blame my *sluggard negligence*:  
Yet with the *faults* I thus farre can dispence,  
My selfe was stirring ere the breake of *day*,  
And ere I rose was *Tarquin* gone away.

But Lady, if your *maid* may be so bold,  
She would request to know your *beauinesse*:  
O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it lesse:  
For more it is then I can well expresse,

And

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## THE RAPE

And that deep torture may be cald a Hell,  
When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Goe get me hither, *paper, inke, and pen,*  
Yet saue that labour for I haue them heare,  
(What should I say) one of my husbands men,  
Bid thou be ready by and by to beare,  
A Letter to my Lord, my loue, my deare,  
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,  
The cause craues hast, and it will soone be writ.

Her maide is gone and she prepares to write,  
First houering ore the paper with her quill,  
Concept and grieve an eager combat fight,  
What *Wit* sets downe is blotted still with *Will*,  
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill.  
Much like a prease of people at a dore,  
Throng her inuentions which shall goe before.

At last she thus begins: Thou worthy Lord  
Of that vnworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person, next vouchsafes afford  
(If euer loue thy *L V C R E C E* thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me.  
So I commend me from our house in grieve,  
My woes are tedious, though my words are briebe.

Here folds she vp the tenor of her woe,  
Her certain sorrow writ vncertainly,  
By this short sedule Colatine may know  
Her grieve, but not her griefes true quality  
She dares not thereof make discouery,  
Least he should hold it her owne grosse abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stained her stained excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,  
She hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,  
VVhen sighes and grones and teares may grace the fashion

Of



## OF LVCRECE.

Of her *disgrace*, the better so to cleare her  
From that *suspition* which the world might beare her.  
To thun this *blot* she would not blot the *letter*,  
With words, till *action* might become them better.

To see sad *sights* moues more then *heare* them told:  
For then the *eye* interprets to the *ears*  
The heauy *motion* that it doth behold  
VVhen euery *part* a part of *woe* doth beare:  
Tis but a part of *sorrow* that we beare.  
Deepe *sounds* make lesser noise then shallow *fords*,  
And *sorrow* ebs being blowne with wind of *words*.

Her *letter* now is seald, and on it writ,  
At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than haste,  
The *Post* attends and she deliuers it,  
Charging the *soure* fac'd *groom* to high as fast  
As lagging *foules* before the *Northren* blast.  
Speed, more then *speed*, but dull and slow she deems,  
Extremity still vrgeth such *extremes*.

The homely *villaine* curties to her lowe,  
And blushing on her with a stedfast *eye*  
Receiues the *scroll* without or *yea* or *no*,  
And forthwith bashfull *innocence* doth lie,  
But they whose *guilt* within their *bosomes* lie,  
Imagine euery *eye* beholds their blame,  
For *Lucrece* thought he blusht to see her shame.

VVhen silly *Groome* (God wot) it was defect  
Of *spirit*, *life*, and bold *andacity*,  
Such harmlesse *creatures* haue a true respect  
To talke in *deeds*, while others saucily  
Promise more speed, but doe it leasurely.  
Euen so this patterne of the vvorne out *age*,  
Pawn'd honest *lookes* but laid no *words* to gage.

His kindled *duty* kindled her *mistrust*,

That

## THE RAPE

That two red fires in both their faces blazed,  
She thought he blusht as knowing *Tarquins* lust,  
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed,  
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:  
The more she saw the bloud his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he returne againe,  
And yet the duteous vassall scarce is gone,  
The weary time she cannot entertaine,  
For now tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and grone,  
So wee hath wearied woe, more tyred none,  
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pawling for means to mourne some never way.

At last she calt to minde where hangs a peece  
Of skilfull painting, made for *Priams* Troy,  
Before the which is drawne the power of Greece,  
For *Hellens* rape the citie to destroy,  
Threatning cloud-kissing *Illion* with annoy;  
Which the conceipted Painter drew so proud,  
As heauen (it seemd) to kisse the turrets bowd.

A thousand lamentable objects there  
In scorne of Nature. Art gaue linelesse life:  
Many a dire drop seemd a weeping teare.  
Shed for the slaughtred husband by the wife,  
The red bloud reekd to shew the painters strife,  
And dying eyes gleemd forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights,

There might you see the labouring *Pyoner*  
Begrind with sweat, and smeared all with dust,  
And from the towres of *Troy* there would appeare  
The verie eyes of men through loope-holes thrust,  
Gazing vpon the *Greekes* with little lust,  
Such sweet obseruance in this worke was had,

That



## OF LVCRECE.

That one might see those farre off eyes looke sad.

In great commanders, Grace and Maieſtie  
You might behold triumphing in their faces,  
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,  
And beere and there the Painter interlaces  
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces,  
Which hartleſſe peasants did ſo well reſemble,  
That one would ſweare he ſaw them quake & tremble.

In *Aiax* and *Vlyſſes*, O what Art  
Of *Phyſiognomy* might one behold!  
The face of either cipher'd eithers heart,  
Their face, their maners moſt expreſſy told.  
In *Aiax* eyes blunt rage and rigor rold.  
But the mild glance that *ſlie Vlyſſes* lent,  
Shew'd deepe regard and ſmiling gouernment.

There pleading might you ſee graue *Nefſtor* ſtand  
As'twere encouraging the *Greekes* to fight,  
Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,  
That it beguild attention, charm'd the ſight,  
In ſpeech it ſeemd his beard, al ſiluer white,  
Wag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie  
Thin winding breath, which purl'd vp to the ſkie.

About him were a preaſe of gaping faces  
Which ſeem'd to ſwallow vp his ſound aduiſe:  
All ioyntly liſtning, but with ſeueral graces,  
As if ſome *Mermaid* did their eares intife,  
Some high, ſome low, the painter was ſo niſe.  
The ſcalpes of many almoſt hid behind,  
To iump vp higher ſeem'd to mock the mind.

Here one mans hand lean'd on anothers head.  
His noſe being ſhadowed by his neighbours eare,  
Here one being throng'd beares backe al boln and red;  
Another ſmotherd, ſeemes to pelt and ſweare,

D

And

Shakespeare

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## THE RAPE

And in their rage such *signes* of rage they beare,  
As but for losse of *Nestors* golden words,  
It seem'd they would debate with angry *swords*.

For much imaginarie worke was there,  
*Conceits* deceitfull, so compact so kinde,  
That for *Achilles* image stood his *speare*  
Gript in an armed *hand*, himselfe behinde  
Was left vnscene, saue to the eye of *minde*,  
A *hand*, a *foote*, a *face*, a *leg*, a *head*,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the *wals* of strong besieged *Troy*,  
When their braue *hope*, bold *Hector*, march'd to *field*,  
Stood many *Troiane* mothers sharing *ioy*,  
To see their youthfull *sonnes* bright weapons wield,  
And to their *hope* they such odde *action* yield,  
That through their *light* *ioy* seemed to appeare,  
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of *heauie* *fear*.

And from the *strond* of *Dardan* where they fought,  
To *Simois* reedy *banks* the red bloud ran,  
Whose *waues* to imitate the *battel* sought  
With swelling *ridges*, and their *ranks* began  
To breake vpon the galled *shore*, and than  
Retire againe, till meeting greater *ranks*  
They *ioyne*, and shoot their *some* at *Simois* banks.

To this well painted *peece* is *Lucrece* come,  
To finde a *face* where all *distresse* is steld,  
Many she sees, where *cares* haue carued *some*,  
But none where all *distresse* and *dolour* dweld,  
Til she dispairing *Hecuba* beheld,  
Staring on *Priams* wounds with her old *eyes*,  
Which bleeding vnder *Pirrhus* proud *foot* lies.

In her the *Painter* had annotimiz'd  
*Times* *ruine*, *Beauties* *wrack*, and grim *Cares* *raigne*,

Her



## OF LVCRECE.

Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguiz'd,  
Of what she was, no semblance did remaine;  
Her blew blood chang'd to black in every vein,  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed  
Shew'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow *Lucrece* spends her eies,  
And shapes her sorrow to the *Beldames* woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruell foes.  
The *Painter* was no God to lend her those;  
And therefore *Lucrece* sweares he did her wrong,  
To giue her so much grieve, and not a song.

Poore Instrument (quoth she) without a sound,  
Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:  
And drop sweet balme in *Priams* painted wound,  
And raile on *Pirrhus* that hath done him wrong,  
And with my teares quench *Troy* that burns so long:  
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the *Greeks*, that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this surre,  
That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:  
Thy heat of lust fond *Paris* did incurre  
This lode of wrath, that burning *Troy* doth beare:  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here.  
And here in *Troy* for trespassse of thine eye,  
The Sire, the Son, the Dame and Daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the publick plague of many moe?  
Let sinne alone committed, light alone  
Vpon his head that hath transgressed so.  
Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guiltie woe,  
For ones offence why should so many fall?  
To plague a private sinne in generall.

## THE RAPE

Loe here weepes *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies,  
 Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troilus* sounds,  
 Here friend by friend in bloody channell lies:  
 And friend to friend giues vnaduised wounds,  
 And one mans *lust* these many *lives* confounds.

Had doting *Priam* checkt his *sonnes* desire,  
*Troy* had bin bright with *Fame*, and not with *fire*.

Here feelingly she weeps *Troies* painted woes,  
 For sorrow, like a heauy hanging bell,  
 Once set on ringing, with his owne waight goes,  
 Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell:  
 So *Lucrece* set a worke, sad *tales* doth tell  
 To penseld *pensiuenesse*, and colour'd sorrow,  
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throwes her *eyes* about the painted round,  
 And who she finds forlorne she doth lament:  
 At last shee sees a wretched *image* bound,  
 That piteous lookes to *Phrygian* shepherds lent,  
 His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content,  
 Onward to *Troy* with these blunt *swaines* he goes,  
 So mild, that *patience* seemd to scorne his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
 To hide *deceit* and giue the harmelesse show  
 An humble gate, calme lookes, eyes wayling still,  
 A brow vnbeut that seem'd to welcome wo,  
 Cheekes, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so  
 That *blushing* red, no guilty *instance* gaue,  
 Nor *ashie* pale, the feare that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed *Deuill*,  
 He entertain'd a show so seeming iust,  
 And therein so ensconc't this secret euill,  
 That *Iealousie* it selfe could not mistrust,  
 False creeping *crafft* and *Periurie* should thrust

Into



## OF LVCRECE.

Into so bright a *day*, such blackfac'd *stormes*,  
Or blot with *bel-borne* sin such *Saint-like* forms.

The well-skild *workman* this mild *Image* drew  
For periur'd *Sinon*, whose enchanting *storie*  
The credulous old *Priam* after slew.  
Whose words like *wild fire* burnt the shining glorie  
Of rich built *Illion*, that the *skies* were sorie,  
And little *starres* shot from their fixed places,  
When their *glasse* fell wherein they viewd their *faces*.

This picture she advisedly perusd,  
And chide the *Painter* for his woundrous *skill* :  
Saying, some shape in *Sinons* was abusd,  
So faire a *forme* lodg'd not a mind so ill,  
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still  
Such *signes* of *truth* in his plaine face she spied,  
That she concluds, the *picture* was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much *guile*,  
(She would haue said) can lurke in such a *Looke* :  
But *Tarquins* shape, came in her minde the while.  
And from her *tongue*, can lurke, from cannot, tooke.  
It cannot be, she in that sense forsooke,  
And turnd it thus, it cannot be I find,  
But such a *face* should beare a wicked *minde*.

For euen as subtill *Sinon* here is painted,  
So sober sad, so weary and so milde,  
(As if with *griefe* or *trauaile* he had fainted,)  
To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguile  
With outward honestie, but yet defil'd  
With inward *vice* : as *Priam* him did cherish,  
So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Looke, looke how liltning *Priam* wets his *eies*  
To see those borrowed *teares* that *Sinon* sheds  
*Priam* why art thou old, and yet not wise?

## THE RAPE.

For every teare he fals, a *Trojan* bleeds :  
His eyes drops fire, no water thence proceeds,  
Those round cleare *pearles* of his that moue thy pity  
Are bals of quenchlesse fire to burne thy *Citie*.

Such *Diuels* steale effects from lightlesse *hell*,  
For *Sinon* in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,  
These *contraries* such vnitie do hold,  
Onely to flatter *fooles* and make them bold ;  
So *Priams* trust false *Sinons* teares doth flatter  
That he finds means to burn his *Troy* with water.

Here all inrag'd such *passion* her assailes,  
That *patience* is quite beaten from her *breast*,  
She teares the sencelesse *Sinon* with her *nailes*,  
Comparing him to that vnhappy *guest*,  
Whose *deede* hath made her selfe, her selfe detest ;  
At last she smilingly with this giues ore,  
Foole, foole, quoth she his wounds will not be sore.

Thus *ebb* and *flowes* the current of her *sorrow*,  
And *time* doth weary *time* with her complayning,  
She looks for *night*, and then she longs for *morrow*,  
And both she thinks too long with her remaining,  
Short time seemes long, in *sorrows* sharp sustaining :  
Though *woe* be heauie, yet it seldome sleeps,  
And they that watch, see *time* how slow it creeps.

Which all this *time* hath ouerslpt her *thought*,  
That she with painted *Images* hath spent,  
Being from the feeling of her owne *griefe* brought,  
By deepe surmise of others *detrimēt*,  
Loosing her *woes* in sheues of *discontent* :  
It easeth some, though none it euer cured,  
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull *Messenger* comes backe,

Brings



## OF LUCRECE.

Brings home his *Lord* and other company,  
Who finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning black,  
And round about her teare-distained-eye  
Blew circles stream'd, like *Rainbowes* in the *skie*.

These *watergals* in her dim *Element*,  
Foretell new *stormes* to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding *husband* saw,  
Amazedly in her sad *face* he stares:  
Her *eyes* though sod in *teares* look'd red and raw,  
Her liuely colour kild with deadly *cares*,  
He hath no power to aske her how she fares,  
But stood like old *acquaintance* in a *trance*  
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

Vpon *Lucrece* sen-  
ding for  
*Collatine* i  
such haste,  
he with di-  
uers of hi  
allies and  
friends re-  
turnes  
home.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse *hand*:  
And thus begins: what vncouth ill *event*  
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?  
Sweet loue, what spite hath thy faire colour spent?  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?  
Vnmask deare *deare*, this moodie *heauinesse*,  
And tell thy griefe, that we may giue redresse.

Three times with *sighs* she giues her sorrow fire,  
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:  
At length addrest to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares, to let them know  
Her *Honor* is tane prisoner by the *Foe*,  
While *Colatine* and his consoorted *Lords*  
With sad attention long to heare her words.

And now this pale *Swan* in her *watrie nest*,  
Begins the sad *Dirge* of her certaine ending,  
Few words (quoth shee) shall fit the *trespasse* best,  
Wherin no *excuse* can giue the fault amending,  
In me more woes then words are now depending  
And my *laments* would be drawne out too long,

## THE RAPE.

To tell them all with one poore tired *tongue*?

Then be this all the *taske* it hath to say,  
Deare *husband* in the interest of thy *bed*  
A *stranger* came, and on that *pillow* lay,  
Where thou was wont to rest thy weary *head*,  
And what wrong else may be imagined,  
By foule *inforcement* might be done to me,  
From that (alas) thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadfull *dead* of darke mid *night*,  
With shining *Fauchion* in my *chamber* came  
A creeping *creature* with a flaming *light*,  
And softly cryed, awake thou *Roman Dame*,  
And intertaine my *loue*, else lasting *shame*  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my *loues* desire doe contradict.

For some hard-fauour'd *groome* of thine, quoth he,  
Vnlesse thou yoake thy *liking* to my *will*,  
Ile murder straight, and then Ile slaughter thee,  
And sweare I found you where you did fulfill  
The lothsome act of *Lost*, and so did kill  
The *Leachers* in their deed, this act will be  
My *fame*, and thy perpetuall *infamie*.

With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my *heart* he lets his *sword*  
Sweareing, vnlesse I tooke all patiently,  
I should not liue to speake an other word,  
So should my *shame* still rest vpon *record*,  
And neuer be forgot in mightie *Rome*  
Th'adulcrat death of *Lucrece* and her *groome*.

Mine *enemy* was strong, my poore selfe *weake*,  
(And farre the weaker with so strong a feare)  
My bloudie *Iudge* forbad my *tongue* to speake,  
No rightfull *plea* might plead for *Iustice* there.

His



## OF LVCRECE.

His scarlet *lust* came euidence to sweare,  
That my poore *beautie* had purloin'd his *eies*;  
And when the *Iudge* is rob'd the *prisoner* dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne *excuse*,  
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,  
Though my grose *bloud* be staind with this *abuse*,  
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my *minde*,  
That was not forc't, that neuer was inclin'd  
To accessarie *yeeldings*, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet indure.

Loe here the hopelesse *Marchant* of this losse,  
With *head* inclin'd and voice dam'd vp with *wo*,  
With sad set *eies* and wretched *armes* a crosse,  
From *lips* new waxen pale, begins to blow  
The grieve away, that stops his answer so.  
But wretched as he is he striues in vaine,  
What he breaths out, his breath drinks vp againe.

As through an *Arch*, the violent roaring *Tide*,  
Outruns the *eye* that doth behold his hast:  
Yet in the *Edie* boundeth in his pride,  
Back to the *straite* that forst him on so fast:  
In *rage* sent out, recald in *rage* being past;  
Euen so his *sighs*, his *sorrows* make a saw,  
To push *griefe* on and back the same *griefe* draw.

Which speechlesse *woe* of his poore she attendeth,  
And his vntimely *frenzie* thus awaketh,  
Deare *Lord*, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another *power*, no *floud* by raining slaketh,  
My *woe* too sensible thy *passion* maketh  
More feeling painfull, let it then suffice  
To drowne one *woe*, one paire of weeping *eyes*,

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,  
For she that was thy *Lucrece*, now attend me,

Be

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## THE RAPE

Be sodainly reuenged on my foe,  
Thine, mine, his owne, suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past, the *help* that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all too late, yet let the *Traytor* die:  
For sparing *Iustice* feeds *iniquitie*.

But ere I name him, you faire *Lords*, quoth she  
(Speaking to those that came with *Collatine*)  
Shall plight your honourable *faiths* to me,  
With swi:t pursute to venge this *wrong* of mine,  
For tis a meritorious faire *designe*,  
To chafe *Iniustice* with reuengefull *armes*,  
*Knights* by their *oaths* should right poore *Ladies* harms.

Vpon the relation of  
*Lucrece* her rape, *Colla-*  
*sine* and the rest swear  
to reuenge: but this

At this request, with noble disposition,  
Each present *Lord* began to promise aid,  
As bound in *knighthood* to her imposition,  
Longing to heare the hatefull *foe* bewraid,  
But the that yet her sad *taske* hath not said,  
The *protestation* stops, O speake quoth she,  
How may this forced *staine* be wipt from me?

Seemes not  
full satis-  
faction to  
her losses.  
She kil-  
leth her  
selfe to ex-  
asperate  
them the  
more to  
punish the  
delinquent.

What is the *qualitie* of mine *offence*  
Being constrain'd with dreadfull *circumstances*?  
May my pure *mind* with the foule *act* dispence  
My low declined *honour* to aduance?  
May any *termes* acquit me from this *chance*?  
The *poysoned fountaine* cleares it selfe againe  
And why not I from this compelled *staine*?

With this they all at once began to say,  
Her bodies *staine*, the *minde* vntainted cleares,  
While with a ioylesse, *smile*, she turnes away  
The *face*, that *map* which deepe impression beares  
Of hard *misfortune*, caru'd it in with *teares*.  
No no, quoth she, no *Dame* hereafter liuing,  
By my *excuse* shall claime *excuses* giuing.

Here



## OF LVCRECE.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would breake,  
 She throwes forth *Tarquins* name: he, he, she saies  
 But more then he, her poore tongue could not speake,  
 Till after many accents and delaies,  
 Vntimely *breathings*, sick and short assaies,  
 She vtters this, he he, faire Lord, tis he  
 That guids this hand to giue this wound to me.

Euen here sheath'd in her harmelesse breast  
 A harmefull knife, that thence her soule vn-sheathed,  
 That blow did bayle it from the deepe vnrest  
 Of that polluted prison where it breathed  
 Her contrite sighs vnto the clouds bequeathed,  
 Her winged *spright*, and through her wounds doth flye  
 Lifes lasting date from cancel'd destinie,

Stone still, astonisht with this deadly deed,  
 Stood *Colatine* and all his Lordly crue,  
 Till *Lucrece* father that beholds her bleed.  
 Himselfe, on her self-slaughtered body threw,  
 And from the purple fountaine *Brutus* drew  
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,  
 Her blood in poore reuenge, held it in chase.

And bubling from her breast, it doth deuide  
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
 Circles her body in on euery side,  
 Who like a late sackt land vastly stood  
 Bare and vnpeopled in this fearefull flood.  
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd  
 And some lookt blacke, and that false *Tarquin* stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood, a watry rigoll goes,  
 Which seemes to weepe vpon the tainted places  
 And euer since as pitying *Lucrece* woes,  
 Corrupted blood some watry token shoues,  
 And

## THE RAPE

And *blond* vntainted still doth red abide,  
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

*Daughter*, deare *daughter*, old *Lucretius* cries,  
That life was mine which thou hast here deprived,  
If in the *childe* the *fathers* image lies,  
Where shall I liue now *Lucrece* is vnliued?  
Thou wast not to this end from me deriued.  
If *children* predecease *progenitours*,  
We are their *off-spring* and they none of *ours*.

Poore broken *glasse*, I often did behold  
In thy sweete semblance, my old *age* new borne,  
But now that faire fresh *mirrour* dim and old,  
Shewes me a barebon'd *death* by *time* out worne,  
O from my cheeks my *image* thou hast torne,  
And shiuer'd all the beautie from my *glasse*,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

O *time* cease thou thy *course* and hast no longer,  
If thou surcease to be that should suruiue:  
Shall rotten *death* make conquest of the stronger,  
And leaue the foultring feeble *soules* a liue?  
The old *Bees* die, the yong possesse their *hine*,  
Then liue sweet *Lucrece*, liue againe and see  
Thy *father* die, and not thy *father* thee.

By this starts *Collatine* as from a *dreame*,  
And bids *Lucretius* giue his sorrow place,  
And then in *Key*, cold *Lucrece* bleeding streame  
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his *face*,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space.  
Till manly *shame* bids him possesse his *breath*,  
And liue to be reuenged on her *death*.

The deepe vexation of his inward *soule*,  
Hath seru'd a dumbe arrest vpon his *tongue*,  
Who made that sorrow should his vse controle,



## OF LVCRECE.

Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng  
Weak words so thick comes in his poore hearts aid  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plaine,  
But through his teeth as if his name he tore.  
This windie tempest till it blow vp raine,  
Held back his sorrowes tide to make it more.  
At last it raines, and busie winds giue ore:  
Then sonne and father weepe with equall strife,  
Who should weepe most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her *his*, the other *his*,  
Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.  
The father saies she's mine, O mine she is  
Replies her husband, do not take away  
My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say  
He weepes for her, for she was onely mine.  
And onely must be waild by Colatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did giue that life  
Which she too early and too late hath spild.  
Woe woe, quoth Colatine, she was my wife,  
I owed her, and tis mine that she hath kild.  
My daughter and my wife with clamors fild  
The disperst aire, who holding Lucrece life,  
Answered their cries, my daughter and my wife.

Brutus who pluckt the knife from Lucrece side  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to cloath his wit in state and pride.  
Burying in Lucrece wound his follies show.  
He with the Romaines was esteemed so  
As selie ieering ideots are with kings,  
For sportiue words, and vttering foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,

Wherein

## THE RAPE

Wherein the *policy* did him disguise,  
 And arm'd his long hid *wits* aduisedly  
 To check the *teares* in *Colatinus* eies,  
 Thou wronged Lord of *Rome*, quoth he, arise,  
 Let my vnfounded selfe suppose a foole,  
 Now set thy long experient' *wit* to schoole,

Why *Colatine*, is *woe* the cure for *woe*?  
 Doe wounds help wounds, or grieve helpe grieuous deeds  
 Is it reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow  
 For his soule *Act*, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?  
 Such childish *humor* from weake *minds* proceeds,  
 Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,  
 To slaine her selfe that should haue slaine her *Foe*.

Couragious *Romane* doe not sleepe thy heart  
 In such lamenting dew of lamentations,  
 But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,  
 To rouse our *Roman Gods* with inuocations,  
 That they will suffer these abominations,  
 (Since *Rome* her selfe in them doth stand disgraced)  
 By our strong *arms* from forth her faire streets chased.

Now by the *Capitoll* that we afore,  
 And by this chaste blood so vnjustly stained,  
 By *heauens* faire sun that breeds the fat earths store  
 By all our country rites in *Rome* maintained,  
 And by chaste *Lucrece* soule that late complained  
 Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloody knife,  
 We will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he stroke his hand vpon his breast,  
 And kist the fatall knife to end his vow:  
 And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,  
 Who wondring at him did his words allow:  
 Then ioyntly to the ground their knees they bow,  
 And that deepe vow which *Brutus* made before

He

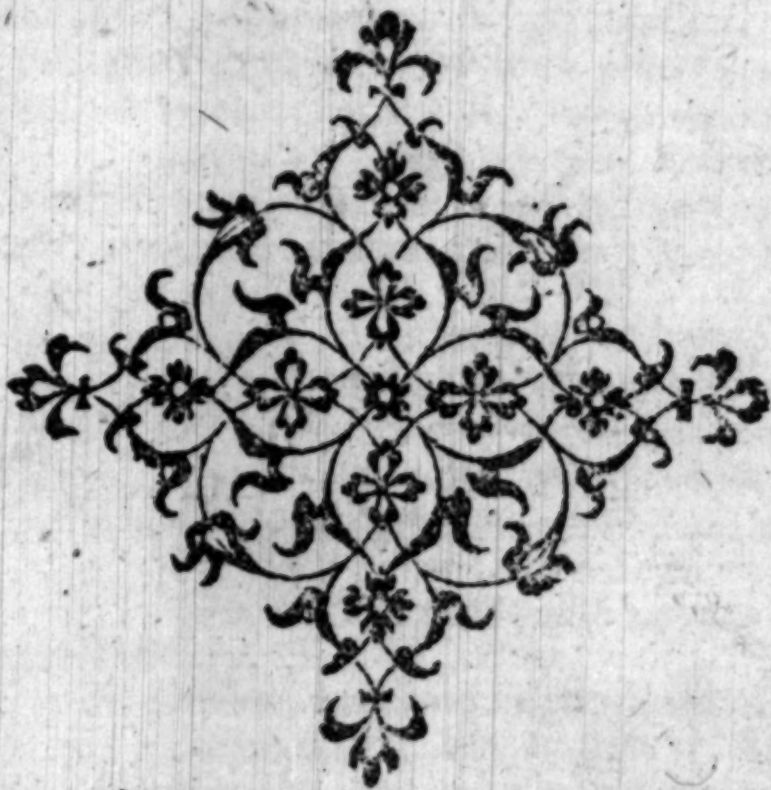


## OF LVCRECE.

He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworne to this aduised *doume*,  
They did conclude to beare dead *Lucrece* thence  
To shew the bleeding *body* through out *Rome*,  
And so to publish *Tarquins* foule offence;  
Which being done, with speedy diligence  
The *Remains* plaussibly did giue consent,  
To *Tarquins* euerlasting banishment.

FINIS.



Shakespeare

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